

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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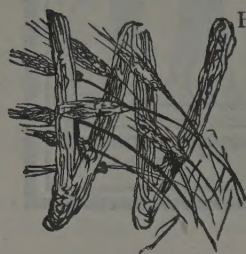
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AN AUNT WHO LIVED IN A CASTLE.

BY EDITH ROBINSON.



"HO is she?" questioned Louise, as a young girl passed the group of which she and her cousin, Florence Edwards, were a part.

"We don't know her," returned Florence, with a significance that made

Louise look up inquiringly. "She does not belong to our set, that is all," explained her cousin. "You see," she went on, while the other girls ceased their chatter to listen, "some of us have been here together for several years,—girls whose parents have cottages, and others who are at the hotel,—so that we have become well acquainted, and know the ways of the place. As the cottage girls have horses and carriages, and can give lawn-parties and morning Germans and afternoon teas, we have an advantage to start with. Then we take the lead in getting up hops and drives and picnics and boating-parties. There are enough of us to have a good time, and not so many as to crowd things."

"Everybody would want to go on the tally-ho, and it just accommodates 'our set,'" went on Gertrude Alline. "There is only a limited number of boats, and we should have to divide on the bonbons and favors. Besides, there are n't enough good dancers to go around."

"But how do the other girls like it?" ventured Louise.

"We have not asked them," returned Gertrude, calmly. "But as nearly as we can judge, as impartial spectators, they take the state of affairs in several ways. Some are wrathful, and say that we are selfish and ill-bred. Others feel slighted, cry, and have been known to go home. Still others affect indifference, and try to get up a good time on their own account."

"But," added Fannie Harper, "as the only vehicle at their disposal is a superannuated wagon without springs, the only boat a leaky mud-scow, and the only boys the ones who cannot dance, who put scent on their handkerchiefs and say 'yes ma'am,' the effort is not crowned with success."

Louise had looked forward so eagerly to the good times of which Gertrude had given such glowing accounts! Her heart beat a little faster now, as she wondered if she were to be admitted to the privileges of these favored few.

"If we take any one into our set, of course she will have nothing to do with the other girls," said Gertrude, in her decided tones.

"My cousin understands that," returned Florence, with becoming dignity.

Before all those strange girls, how could Louise have the courage to speak her mind and decline the tempting prospect? Georgie Damon may have noticed the shifting color, for she gave an affected little laugh.

"I do not care to have the reputation of a 'goody-goody,'" decided Louise. "It is not my business to 'set an example.'"

"It is very seldom we admit a new-comer," went on Gertrude, graciously. "We shall make an exception, too, in favor of Evelyn Tyler."

"Who is Evelyn Tyler?" asked Louise.

"The loveliest girl! Everybody likes her. She is pretty and stylish; but it is not that. She is awfully clever, and has read stacks of books;

but it is not that. And she has charming manners; but it is not that, either. It is an undefinable something that makes her different from any one else. She has an aunt who lives in a castle,—a castle in England," impressively concluded Gertrude, whose mother had five-o'clock tea, docked her horses' tails, alluded to "luggage" and "boxes," and gave other evidences of Anglo-mania.

For the rest of that day Evelyn Tyler was the chief topic of conversation, till Louise found herself looking forward to the arrival of the social favorite with curiosity not unmixed with awe.

All of "our set" were on the piazza awaiting the arrival of the stage. Twenty pairs of eyes—not to mention those that had no direct interest in Evelyn Tyler—were fixed upon the slender, gray-eyed girl in a brown travelling-suit who was greeted so effusively by Gertrude Alline, and presently escorted to her room with an evident air of proprietorship. Later, the leader of "our set" waited at the foot of the staircase to accompany Miss Tyler to the dining-hall, and after dinner the two girls walked up and down the piazza with arms intertwined, and if a certain consciousness was apparent in Gertrude's manner, there was surely reason enough for it in the proud fact that she was the only girl there who knew Evelyn Tyler. But even the pleasure of thus parading her superiority gave way at last to that of displaying her acquaintance in a more active form, and "my friend Miss Tyler" was presented to "our set," who bestowed its warmest greeting in pleased acknowledgment.

After the first few minutes, Louise found herself wondering in what could lie Miss Tyler's charm. She was not as handsome as Gertrude, as graceful as Florence, nor did she possess the art of "wearing her clothes" that every one conceded to Georgie Damon. Neither had her speech the quick rippling charm of Fannie Harper's, while Louise doubted with secret pride if Miss Tyler's reading had been more extensive or varied than her own. In fact, the newcomer did not differ greatly from any well-bred girl one might meet at a summer hotel.

Yet, having come to this decision, Louise looked again,—and wished she were like her.

Miss Tyler was not saying a word then, either, but was listening to Florence's account of the boating-carnival; and presently, when the warning notes of the piano were heard, any girl present would have done what Miss Tyler did,—hold open the door for Miss Penniman, who with her twelve little black-lace shawls, worn awry, and fondly supposed by their owner to be "so convenient and becoming," was the object of secret fun among all the young girls.

"Did she tell you how she bought them in Venice, at some astonishing price, and that they were 'such a comfort'?" whispered Fannie. "We all have patches and shreds of those twelve wonderful shawls as mementoes of Miss Penniman; for if there is a stray pin about us, they are sure to be caught thereon; while a dozen times a day we hear a plaintive shriek, and the words, 'My dear, will you help me? My little shawl has caught on—the chandelier!' We promptly detach her, and murmur regretfully, 'It's too bad; I'm so sorry!'"

Later, when Mrs. Duncan wanted the window closed, any of the other girls would have been ready with the trifling courtesy. Yet, presently, Louise overheard the old lady saying to Miss Penniman, "What a nice young girl Miss Tyler is!" and the latter respond with remarkable enthusiasm, "Yes, indeed; a very nice girl!"

Again, the next morning, when everybody was awaiting the distribution of the mail, it was but natural that Miss Tyler, who was nearer the office desk, should hand Louise the letter so eagerly expected from her mother. "I guess she is expecting a letter, too," was the latter's instant thought. How was it that Evelyn Tyler invested all these trifles with such grace?

"She is not really different from the rest of us," thought Louise. "We think her lovely and condescending because of a halo cast about her by an aunt who lives in a castle!"

All the girls had assembled on the piazza, ready to begin preparations for the coaching-parade. The tally-ho had long ago been engaged, and the decorations decided upon in advance of the other coaches. No flowers were as pretty as boxberries, or kept their freshness so well in the midsummer heat. They grew in such quantities, too, in haunts known only to "our set." There was a pleasant hubbub as each girl undertook to tell Evelyn Tyler just where and how far distant were the woods.

"Are n't you coming?" said Miss Tyler, to the pretty young girl whom Louise had noticed that first morning. No one seconded the invitation.

"Thank you, no," was the answer, given with a painfully embarrassed blush.

"Why would n't she come?" inquired Evelyn, directly, as soon as the girl was out of hearing.

It was Gertrude who gave the explanation.

Louise awaited Miss Tyler's reply with vivid interest. Would she accept the situation with easy-going indifference, secretly flattered that she should be one of the chosen few? Or would she show a reluctance to yield to conditions that on first sight might strike one as selfish and ill-bred, but which most girls might easily smother, because it is never easy to stand against the tide, and popularity to a girl of sixteen is very dear; and because refusal in Miss Tyler's case would mean being a mere looker-on instead of a participant—nay, the adored leader—in all the gay goings-on?

Evelyn Tyler stood still in the middle of the road. "It is kind of you to wish to welcome me. I thank you, but I cannot accept," she said, facing about and walking rapidly toward the house. Louise took a step forward. No, it was too late for her to retract. Besides, the great event of the summer—the coaching-parade—was at hand!

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Fannie. "How completely, my friends, are the tables turned! Our society—ours, the exclusive—is declined with thanks; pretty brief thanks, too!"

"Let her go!" said Gertrude, sharply. "She need not think she is to be number one because of her aunt. We can get along without her better than she can without us!"

"If she had been her aunt herself she could not have snubbed your offer more completely!" added Florence, indignantly; and Gertrude's angry flush betrayed that she felt the truth of her friend's words.

Miss Tyler was alone on the piazza when the other girls returned. She admired the boxberries, and made one or two pleasant remarks while the girls twined the garlands that were to transform the coach into a bower of scarlet and green, but gave no offer of assistance, while on the part of "our set" there was an air of dignified reserve which was at once self-respecting and repellent.

"She will be glad to come around before the parade," said Gertrude.

But she was mistaken. From the piazza Miss Tyler watched the display,—the green and scarlet coach, with its bevy of pretty girls in

white gowns, with green gauze twisted about their hats and clusters of red berries at their breasts, being the centre of attraction.

In the days that followed, everybody was quite beautifully polite, — "our set" priding itself upon its good breeding, — but a little too polite to be comfortable. Miss Tyler, except in briefest greeting, was studiously ignored. She received no invitation to the luncheon given by Gertrude, — the Alline's cottage was the finest on the shore, — nor was she numbered among the guests on Georgie Damon's sailing-party. When the drive to the Shaker village was planned, Miss Tyler was left out; and when the hotel was invited to a hop at a neighboring house, Evelyn Tyler drove thither in the covered wagon — and on a moonlit night! — seated backward, facing Miss Penniman and Mrs. Duncan, who beguiled the way by comparing notes on their own ailments, and relating all the accidents and maladies with which friend, foe, or acquaintance had ever suffered; and refusing to allow the horses to go beyond a walk. Having eventually arrived, there was no one to introduce anybody; and so Miss Tyler — the admired Miss Tyler — suffered the mortification, nay, the martyrdom, not often experienced by a pretty girl who dances well, of sitting out every dance, and with that entrancing music!

"It's sheer arrogance!" frowned Gertrude.

"It's mere obstinacy," declared Florence.

"It's just affectation," decided Georgie.

"It's the 'igh and 'aughty spirit of her haugst relative," suggested Fannie.

But Louise said nothing. She only wondered; and wondering, watched Evelyn Tyler more closely than ever. For Miss Tyler, forsaken, deposed, was yet somehow exalted in her mind over the Miss Tyler of that first evening, surrounded by an admiring court. Ah, she could have kept its admiration so easily! And so watching, Louise grew more and more to think, "I wish I were like her."

No longer the popular favorite, the girlish leader of fashion, what remained of Evelyn Tyler's list of attractions? "It must be the aunt who lives in a castle," thought puzzled Louise. "But how can she find the courage thus to act against the opinion of 'our set'?"

The mothers of the girls did not realize the full extent of the monopoly, for "our set" preserved a discreet silence regarding many of its actions. Their daughters were meeting with the enthusiastic friendship of youth, after a year's separation. "Thoughtlessness is natural to the young," they said indulgently; and then, "cliques" were not unknown among the elders.

"Our set" had planned to gather ferns to take home. They knew where the sword-ferns grew thickest and hardiest, and held the secret of the maidenhair's hiding-place.

"Evelyn Tyler and some of the others have gone after our ferns!" exclaimed Gertrude, angrily, entering the room where Florence was entertaining several of "our set."

"Who told you?" queried Florence, anxiously.

"I saw them just now. It was evident they were bound on some secret mission by the way they slipped off. They found out we were going to get the ferns early Monday morning, and thought they would pay us off by gathering them the day before. Such meanness, — so like Evelyn Tyler!"

Louise opened her lips in indignant defence, but Gertrude was looking so angry that she hesitated; and just then Florence added, —

"Some one must have told her!" looking at

her cousin with such apparent significance — though the latter had not lisped a word — that Louise turned away in silence.

What business was it of hers? Yet — where and when had she heard those words: "Did you speak out on occasion? If not, you have borne false witness!"

"Let's take the short cut to the woods and pick all the maidenhair before they get there," said Gertrude, — "hurry!" and Louise was swept along with the rest on their Sunday morning mission.

They found the ferns unmolested, and tying great armfuls of the lovely feathery fronds with the stringy bark of the "wickopie," took the wood-path home.

They had come within sight of the slope overlooking the ocean, when suddenly the sound of voices was heard, singing. One voice, full of clear rejoicing, arose above the others, —

"Early in the morning our songs shall rise to thee!"

There in the shade of a solitary tree, surrounded by half a dozen other girls, sat Evelyn Tyler, her hat off, and her shining brown hair blowing in the sea-breeze.

"They are having service!" exclaimed Fannie, in low, awe-struck tones.

"Who would have thought it!" ejaculated Florence.

"How unconscious and pretty she looks!" murmured Georgie.

"This is what she came out for," said Gertrude, quietly, — so quietly that the rest thought she did not care. The others crowded near.

But a great lump in Louise's throat held her from utterance. It was not wholly caused by the passionate wish to recall the last few weeks; for the wish was for the future as well as the past, and its conscious though unformulated utterance was, "I wish I were like her!"

Somehow, as the girls stood there silent, looking and listening, all that had seemed admirable to them in Evelyn Tyler early in the summer returned with redoubled force, yet with a difference. It was not now her beauty, her social qualities, or her intellect that seemed to make her what she was; or rather they sank into insignificance beside that which had given to each its charm. Even the aunt who lived in a castle dwindled till she might have been an aunt who lived in a nutshell. They walked on through the woods, still in silence.

"I've always been to church and Sunday-school, but somehow religion never seemed to me to belong to us now and here, 'while it is called to-day,' — or even to belong to us at all," said Georgie, at last, forgetting her elegant drawl in her earnestness.

"I never realized before that it was a beautiful thing, a natural thing, a thing to be coveted and striven for," added Florence, thoughtfully; "something for which one might even be willing to give up one's own way."

"It always seemed to me something for ministers and old ladies and sick people. The stories make us think so, too," went on Fannie, with a little quiver in her voice. "In them it is always the very old woman, in a humble and painfully neat cottage, who rebukes the gay worldlings; the mentally blind, halt, and lame who are the saintly-minded; and the people generally who have got left in this world who are hoping for better things in the next. The attractive hero of the stories is the heretic; and somehow he is never half so attractive after he has been converted by the missionary, usually a sort of elderly Rollo or

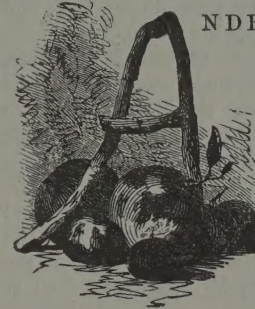
juvenile Benjamin Franklin; the strong and clever are the sinners, — till I feel like chiming in with my little brother's exclamation over Paradise Lost, 'What an immense old fellow Satan was!'"

Gertrude said nothing; but in her impetuous fashion she raised her bunch of maidenhair, flung it to the ground, and trod it under foot.

"But religion," said Louise, solemnly, wondering how she could ever have been afraid to speak, "is a thing for the young and strong, the beautiful and clever. And, O girls! it was in just such a little thing as the breaking of bread that Christ revealed himself!"

A COUNTRY BOY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY SUSANNA B. B. MERRIFIELD.



ANDREW BARNARD

was a farmer's son, the eldest of four children. His father worked hard on his rocky farm, which yielded little more than a living for his family. New England farms are not mines of wealth, and many are the ways

devised for the well-being of children in such homes, growing out of the necessities of the situation.

Andrew was the boy of all work, — helping to hoe potatoes or drive the cows to pasture, to weed carrots or onions, as might be required; at any rate his work was homely enough, most boys would have thought.

On this evening when our story opens Andrew came into the house and sat down by the fire. He looked straight at the bright coals. He was thinking very hard; there seemed to be something worth thinking about, and the fire was quite low before he spoke a word.

"Mother," he said at last, after the other children had gone to bed, "I do wish I could afford to get a Christmas present for Uncle George."

"I wish you could, my boy. Your father would gladly give you the money if he had it. But the farm has n't paid much this year, and he feels almost discouraged. He said so last night," replied the hard-working mother.

"Yes; I know, Mother. I was only thinking how much I wanted to, because Uncle and I had such good times last summer, and he taught me so much. He knew about everything, — I mean way down to the bottom of things, — that I wanted to get at, and did n't know how. Why, the bees and the ants look like new creatures to me now I know about them," he added, with a glowing face.

"Well, Andrew, if the *desire* to give is in your heart, you are rich; you are not poor," said the mother. And so they talked into the late evening until the father came home.

Uncle George, Mr. Barnard's brother, lived in New York. He rarely visited his Maine relatives; but seeing the much wished-for opportunity last summer, he improved it at once. He was a Nature-loving man, always listening to bird notes, or searching for rare flowers; even a stone in his eyes was as interesting as a living thing.

The morning after Uncle George's arrival Mr. Barnard said to his wife, "Mary, I'm going to give Andrew a year's schooling, beginning to-day."

"What do you mean, Father?"

"Why, just this: while Brother George is here, Andrew is to have a vacation, to roam about and talk with his uncle. Andrew loves Nature, and I mean he shall have a chance for learning something; it'll be worth a year of school to him. You know he works pretty hard for a boy of fourteen," Mr. Barnard added.

"But how can you do without him just now in haying-time? Can you afford to hire a boy to take his place?"

"No, I can't. I mean to do his work and my own too," was the answer.

So the vacation began. Every day Andrew and his uncle walked miles into the woods and across the pastures, studying, talking, explaining, and wondering. It was truly a season of "schooling" to our eager-to-learn boy, for he saw with new eyes as new thoughts pressed upon him; and when it was over, another life began.

No wonder then, when Christmas-time came, that Andrew wanted to express something of the gratitude within; but the way did not seem to be open. Let us see if it was not open all the time, only waiting for him to be ready to walk into it.

It was now only three days to Christmas, and the time was short. The next morning after the conversation between the mother and son at the beginning of our story, Mr. Barnard called at the foot of the stairs,—

"Andrew, if rain should come, the bars at the foot of the lane would get frozen into the ground. Won't you go and put them up for me?"

It was a bitter cold morning, and our boy did his work quickly, and was coming back at a brisk rate, when just behind the barn a sudden gust of wind blew aside the dry leaves clinging to the branches of a clump of dwarf oak-trees. His eyes rested upon what seemed to be a piece of old gray cloth swinging from the low tree; stepping near, what was his surprise to see an immense hornet's nest, certainly a foot and a half long and a foot in diameter,—just what his uncle had said over and over that he wanted!

There was the wonderful paper-house that Uncle George had told about, not made from rags or by modern machinery,—oh, no!—but out of the old wood from the sides of the barn, which the hornets had taken off in small pieces and worked into a soft paste in their mouths, then laid the substance in threads to get dry, and firmly welded together. They have known how to make paper since time began; that is, since it began to the family of hornets.

In a twinkling out came Andrew's pocket-knife and the branch was cut. The prize was his own,—this abandoned home with its community dissolved! Andrew did not walk to the house, he ran at full speed. "Hurrah for Uncle George's Christmas present! If I'd gone the State of Maine over, I could n't have suited him better. I don't know how many times I heard him say last summer he hoped he could find a hanging hornet's nest sometime, in winter. Oh, I could jump sky-high, Mother, that I've got him what he wants! The wind helped me; it blew the old leaves right away just as I was going by, and there it hung! Look, Father, did you ever see such a perfect house? And the walls inside are papered, too, before the combs were made,—so Uncle George said. Oh, what a perfect Christmas gift!" the enthusiastic boy cried.

A tear glistened in the eye of the self-sacrificing father as he said to his wife, "Mary, don't you think the vacation in haying-time has paid for itself already?"

"Yes, Father, when a boy can find as much in a hornet's nest as that," she replied.

A box was brought in from the barn. It had to be a large one, for the branch took up a good deal of room, and Andrew declared he could n't have an inch cut off, it would spoil the effect of the whole. It was packed in a generous bed of excelsior, and by noon was on its journey bound for New York. Another box crossed it about half way, directed to—

"Andrew Barnard,
Leyden, Maine."

It contained a magnifier, a geology for beginners, a botany, Proctor's star-map, and two valuable works upon insects. Oh, what winter evenings, now!

Two days after Christmas a letter came, which read as follows:—

DEAR ANDREW,—When a big box was brought into my office yesterday, I wondered what *had* come! How did you happen to find such a prize? You could n't have sent me a Christmas gift that I should value more. Oh, it is a wonderful paper-house, with its open front door! It shall hang in my study, and it will make me think of and love my nephew-naturalist; that is, who is going to be, sometime.

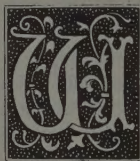
Your affectionate

UNCLE GEORGE.

And what had happened before the next Christmas day came round? Andrew was at school at Uncle George's expense, with the life of a student before him. In after years, when in middle life a professorship was offered him in one of our New England colleges, he wrote to his aged father, "That summer vacation in haying-time, when you did your work and mine, was the turning-point in my life."

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

BY KATE L. BROWN.



HERE are you going, Percy?" said Rob Temple.

"Yes, Percy Temple, where are you going?" said Rob's shadow, Roy, in almost the same breath.

Percy was sixteen, and quite a man. He had on his best clothes, his new ulster, and was drawing on a pair of tan gloves as he walked down the steps.

"I am going to make New Year's calls," replied Mr. Percy.

"May we go, too?" eagerly inquired the little boys.

"Well, I guess not," laughed Percy. "As a rule, infants on this festive day don't indulge in calling."

"Le's throw a snowball at his hat," proposed Rob, gloomily. But the new ulster went around the corner too speedily for revenge; so the boys climbed the fence to consider.

"Can't we make New Year's calls, too?" suggested Roy. "Le's go and ask Mother."

So the boys trotted in to the nursery, where Mother was trying to hush fretful little Alice.

"Where do you want to go?" inquired Mother, after hearing their request.

"I think we'll go first to Miss Gibbons's," replied Rob. "She's very kind to us when she comes to wash. She told us the story of the 'Rid Hin' last Monday."

"We want to go to Miss Faith's, too; and p'raps Mr. Evans won't have many callers," said Roy; "and lame Jimmy always likes to see us."

"I think you may go, dears." And Mamma's eyes glistened. "But promise me one thing: only stay a very few minutes at Miss Faith's. She may have other callers."

"Yes, um," replied the boys; "and please may we wear our best coats and hats?"

Their mother consenting to this, a few moments later the two left the house, and walked up the street hand in hand.

"I guess we'll go to Misses Gibbons's first," said Rob; "it may be her time for frying doughnuts."

Mrs. Gibbons was at home, and her kitchen was just cleared up after a large washing.

"We are making New Year's calls," said Rob, sweetly; "and you have the first one, because you are just the kindest washwoman we know."

Mrs. Gibbons's face gleamed with pleasure. "Come right in," she said warmly. "Bless your darlin' hearts!"

So Rob and Roy sat up very straight, and held their hats, talking soberly of the weather, while the four little Gibbons children gazed shyly at them from behind the stove.

"What did your children have for Christmas?" inquired Roy.

"Just some candies and nuts, dear."

"Is that all?" The boys looked distressed; and Rob said, with very red cheeks, "I had two lovely books, and two's too many when other people have none. I will let your Timmy and Liza have one."

A few moments later the boys trotted away, Mrs. Gibbons watching them, as she wiped her eyes on her clean apron.

They went next to see Miss Faith, their precious Sunday-school teacher. She was alone, and very sad. Faith was only a young girl, and she had had a quarrel with some one whom she loved very much. But when the two little boys were admitted, her face brightened. "I am so glad to see you!" she said, kissing them.

"Are you sick, dear Miss Faith?" said Rob, wistfully.

"No, Rob," replied Miss Faith, coloring.

"You look kind of cryey," remarked Roy.

"Have you been naughty?"

"Yes, darling, very naughty." And the real tears came.

In an instant both pairs of arms were about her neck. "Don't cry, dear," said Rob, tenderly. "I know how you feel. Just say you're sorry, and it will come all right."

"I will! I will!" said Faith, hugging them the closer.

Mr. Evans sat in his library reading, when he heard a pounding on his front door. "It's those mischievous boys," he muttered; "but I'll fix 'em." So he crept to the door, prepared for vengeance; but there was no rapid scuffling of feet or half-stifled laughter as he flung open the door.

Two little lads stood on the steps, their round, rosy faces beaming with smiles. "Happy New Year!" they cried. "We've come to call."

Mr. Evans never knew how it happened, but very soon after he was in his armchair, showing Audubon's "Birds" to a small boy perched on either knee.

"Good-by," they said later. "We're sorry you've got no little boys. We'll come again to-morrow."

At sundown Rob and Roy trudged home. They had spent a happy hour with lame Jimmy, helping him set up tin soldiers on the outside of his bed.

"I like New Year's calls, every one is so kind," said Roy, as they neared home.

"So do I," said Rob. "Le's go every year, say!"



"BEHOLD THE MAN!" (Mark xv. 14.)

Our Letter-Box.

TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY,—You asked me to write about my beautiful city, games, school, and what my ambitions are; and I will try to do so. Canada is very warm in summer, and we do not play hardly at all, but go to picnics, and run over to Island Park on very warm days or else to Hanlan's Point. We have just to run down the hill, and there we are at the wharf where the boat stops that runs to the island; for our house is just on the banks of the Don on the east side. It is very pretty "over the Don,"—as that is what the east end of the city is called. There are in many places beautiful woods on each side of the river; and the boys visit a certain part of the woods called the Sand Banks nearly every day in summer, where they go for a bath, and usually come home with shining faces and wet hair.

The other side of the city is very pretty, too, especially in Parkdale. It is often called the "Flowery Suburb." Jarvis Street is considered by all who have seen it one of the finest residence streets in America. It is three miles long, and lined on each side with splendid trees; and our dear church is on this handsome street.

In the winter the children's chief pleasures are skating and coasting. When my brother got his first pair of skates, he was not only anxious but actually begged to be allowed to put the skates on my feet, and help me down to the ice. When asked why he was so eager to lend his new skates, what do you think that naughty boy said? That he wanted to see me fall! My brother, sister, and myself go to the Bolton Avenue School, where we study history, algebra, arithmetic, and I suppose all the things that every child has to learn. We—that is, the girls—are very fond of bringing to school apples, sandwiches, cake, and other nice things to eat, and having a little party behind the teacher's back. They say that "stolen fruit is always the sweetest;" but when a girl hands you a piece of tomato, all nicely seasoned, and the suddenly suspicious teacher asks, "What have you got there?" and you meekly say, "Only a piece of tomato," and are told in the teacher's calmest voice to put it in the waste-paper basket,—well, it makes you think that stolen fruit is not always the sweetest, especially when it is thrown in the waste-paper basket.

Perhaps the readers of your paper would like to hear something about the Unitarian Sunday-school in Toronto. We had a "dollar social" here, and it was great fun. Everybody in the Sunday-school was to try and earn a dollar out of the usual way, and then write a letter explaining how it was earned. As we belong to the Sunday-school, of course we had to earn a dollar too. Our efforts were crowned with success, in the shape of a hard-earned dollar each. The reading of the letters caused great fun, the dollar social was a decided success, and the Sunday-school made a good sum of money. I belong to a little club, called the "Busy Gleaners." We are working for missions at home, as we do not think that we have to go to foreign lands to find wretched homes or heathens.

Like most girls of my age, I have a great many ambitions and hopes; but the chief one just now is that you will not deem my letter a failure, for there is no one in the world who would like to be an authoress better than

Your little friend,

JOSEPHINE TEMPLE.

ENIGMA XXII.

I AM composed of fifty-four letters.

My 8, 9, 10, is what we sleep on.

My 3, 7, 25, 54, is a great city in Italy.

My 16, 15, 45, is an animal which steals at night.

My 52, 20, 51, 2, is the State I live in.

My 41, 46, 43, 37, 1, is a large fish.

My 4, 14, 11, 13, is what tanners use.

My 53, 17, 24, 10, is what most boys have in winter.

My 21, 22, 23, 42, 29, is what the sun does in the east.

My 5, 28, 44, 4, 7, 41, is a light color.

My 18, 26, 3, 13, is what is around my house.

My 6, 32, 8, 17, 35, is where our meals come on every day.

My 19, 7, 31, 30, 38, 20, is a small red vegetable.

My 53, 27, 36, 6, 28, is what we do on ice.

My 34, 9, 33, is a domestic fowl.

My 47, 30, 21, 12, is what we use for darning.

My 39, 11, 40, is what horses eat.
My 19, 48, 49, is a color of a Jersey cow.
My 50, 7, 20, 21, is what we open when we go into a house.
My whole is a proverb.

OTTO H. KORN.

ENIGMA XXIII.

I AM composed of eighteen letters.

My 13, 14, 15, 7, 9, is what boys and men wear.

My 10, 5, 12, 13, 14, 15, 4, is society.

My 7, 3, 15, 1, is what soldiers sleep in.

My 10, 8, 3, 9, 1, 18, 6, 7, 9, is what boys and girls go after in fall.

My 1, 16, 10, 7, 14, 10, is a trick played on windows.

My 2, 14, 1, is a covering for the head.

My 4, 14, 10, 8, 7, is a kind of boat.

My 11, 6, 1, is the opposite of in.

My 12, 14, 9, 17, 18, is a stone-builder.

My whole is a paper known to all.

HAROLD C. PAINE.

ENIGMA XXIV.

I AM composed of twenty-one letters.

My 5, 10, 1, is a small animal.

My 4, 6, 3, is good to eat for dessert.

My 2, 9, 17, 21, is what we do with our ears.

My 7, 6, 8, 15, is fine, exact.

My 20, 11, 12, is the close of a book.

My 19, 18, 13, is to place.

My 14, 3, 17, 16, is a pile.

My whole is the name of a popular book.

M. F. P.

DIAMOND WORD PUZZLES.

VIII.

1. A consonant. *
2. A kind of drink. ***
3. Something we wear on our hands. *****
4. The name of the first woman. ***
5. A vowel. *

MARION B. NEEDHAM.

IX.

1. A consonant. *
2. A boy's name. ***
3. The name of one we love. *****
4. Something to crack. ***
5. A consonant. *

BESSIE ADAMS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 7.

ACROSTIC IV.

Biztha.	Bethlehem.
Elisha.	
Tiberius.	
Herod.	
Leah.	
Esau.	
Hagar.	
Esther.	
Mordecai.	

ACROSTIC V.

Maine.	Marion B. Needham.
Apple.	
Road.	
Iron.	
Oak.	
Net.	
Bread.	
Nuts.	
Elbow.	
Eel.	
Dog.	
Hat.	
Axe.	
Mat.	

ACROSTIC VI.

Onion.	October.
Cambric.	
Thames.	
Oranges.	
Boston.	
Esther.	
Revelation.	

Enigma XIX. The Greatest Thing in the World.

Enigma XX. Every Other Sunday.

Enigma XXI. Adelina Patti.

For Youngest Readers.

THE STORY BERTHA READ
AFTER SUPPER.

BY MRS. MARY H. GRAVES.

BERTHA and Daisy Deane were sitting with their mother one evening. Mrs. Deane being busy with her sewing, Daisy asked Bertha to read a story. Bertha willingly consented, and read the following:

Charles with his father and mother spent the next night at the curate's house. In the morning Mr. Jones invited Mr. and Mrs. Benson and their children to take a drive in the coach to a neighboring wood. Soon all were ready to go except Henry, who having overslept had wakened in an ill humor, and had not yet dressed himself and come down to breakfast. George ran up stairs to tell him that the horses were harnessed; there Henry sat on the side of his bed crying for his boots, which were at the cobbler's. His mother had told him to wear his shoes, but this he did not want to do.

George saw that it would be in vain to wait for him, as he knew his mother would not detain the carriage till an ill-humored boy was dressed. He therefore returned directly, got into the coach where the others were seated, and off it drove.

"And left Henry all alone in the house?" asked Daisy. "How bad he must have felt!"

"No, not quite alone," replied Bertha, resuming the reading of the story:—

When Henry heard the rolling of the coach and learned from an old nurse that the whole company were gone to take an airing, he cried the more and stamped his foot like a foolish child. After some soothing and encouragement, however, he followed her advice; he dressed himself and ran across the fields to meet the coach. His father and mother were not pleased with his conduct, and he was obliged to listen to a reproof for his obstinacy. After he had owned his fault and promised to behave better, they allowed him to stay with the company. If he had kept his word he might still have enjoyed much pleasure, but he soon let them see that he had not yet conquered his ill-humor.

The children fixed on a game called "The Hunter;" but Henry insisted on their playing at blind-man's buff. They tried to coax him, till he turned rudely away; then they began to play without him. Charles was the hunter, George the dog, and Caroline the hare. At last she was caught, and they all laughed loudly.

Henry was still stubborn. He thought Charles and George would again urge him to play with them, but they no longer did so. He therefore threw himself under a tree, and began to think with sorrow of how much pleasure he had lost. When his father came to ask what was the matter he was ashamed to answer, and turned his face away, saying he could not tell it.

"Those who feel shame always know they have done wrong," said his father.

Then Henry told how much trouble he had brought on himself. His father asked if he still desired to play with the others.

"Very much," he answered; "only I am afraid they won't play with me."

"You do not deserve indeed a kind reception; but if you wish to be more sociable, if you will try to give up your own will to others, come with me, and I will intercede for you."

Then Henry wiped away his tears, and taking his father's hand went to join his play-fellows. They received him gladly when their father said he would no more tease them through his ill-humor.

Henry made a fine hare. He was so nimble that he sprang through the bushes, and they caught him with difficulty, after he had gone far into the wood.

Here they suddenly came upon four boys, sons of the forester, who were playing ball. All at once they were tired of hunting and wanted to play ball too. Henry said aloud that he wished he had his ball here. Scarcely had he said so when one of the boys came to them and said,—

"If you wish for a ball, I will run to the house and bring you one."

"Oh, yes," said the others, "run and bring it!"

While he was gone, one of his brothers offered to lend Henry the ball they were playing with. This he refused to take. The others continued to press him, till finally they all agreed to play together. This afforded them all new pleasure. Charles, who was very expert at the game, made the ball rise almost out of sight. They played one game after another. Who knows how long they might have played if the curate had not called them! He desired them to come back, because Mr. Jones thought it time to proceed on his journey. George told his father how good-natured and kind the forester's boys had been to them.

"And did this civil behavior please you?" asked Mr. Benson.

"Very much!" "How we wish we could do something to please them!"

"I, too, am glad," continued the curate, "to meet with such good children. Ask them to walk with us, that my wife and guests may see them."

Mr. Benson's children ran to their new friends and led them a little against their will forward to the company.

The forester's boys blushed at being praised for what their father had told them to do, and what he always did himself. He used to say that the child who did not give part of his playthings to another should be left to play alone. One day his boys had quarrelled about a kite which each one claimed. Their father then gave them four kites, and sent each to play by himself. Small pleasure was there in looking at a kite when they could not call out, "See! see! how high it flies!" In a few days they begged their father to take back three of the kites, and let them play together.

Daisy said she thought their father might have let them keep all the kites after they had learned not to be selfish, so that each could have one and yet they could all play together.

Bertha thought perhaps he would by-and-by. She continued the story.

After asking the boys several questions to which they replied politely, Mr. Benson said to his own children,—

"Next Monday you know you are to have a little feast after the cherries are gathered. Do you wish for more company?"

"Yes, indeed," answered George. "May I ask these good boys to come?"

Mr. Benson nodded, and turned to the boys, saying, "Do come next Monday. We shall be happy to have you. I will show you my garden, and you shall eat some of the pears off my own trees."

"Yes, yes!" cried Henry and Caroline, "you must promise to come and see all our gardens and birds!"

The forester's boys said that they would very gladly come, but they must ask their father's leave before they promised.

"You are right," said the curate. "A child ought never to promise to go out without the consent of his parents. But I will myself call on your father and ask him to allow you to come."

Mrs. Benson had brought a basket of fruit for her guests. She now set it before them, and gave some to the four boys who had been so civil. Mrs. Jones also gave them some pictures, which at first they refused to take; but she urged them, saying, "One civility deserves—"

"I think you have read enough for to-night, Bertha," said Mrs. Deane. "Daisy looks very sleepy, and it is almost bedtime for little girls. Haven't you come to the end of the chapter?"

"There is only one paragraph more," answered Bertha; "and I can give it in a word or two. These people had now be-

come good friends, and were sorry to separate; but they must, for it was time for Mr. and Mrs. Jones to go home."

"And Charles," added Daisy.

"Yes, and Charles. They got into the coach, after saying good-by, and were soon out of sight. Then the curate and his family turned into the footpath which led to their house."

With this, Bertha closed the book and put it away on the shelf.

A PICNIC NEAR ROCHESTER, ENGLAND.

BY KATHERINE HAGAR.



MAMMA, may we go this afternoon to the woods, and gather primroses? Please let us all go. I will take care of Sophy and little Kitty."

His mother was seated at the piano, examining some new music which the girls' governess had sent to her. She turned toward the eager boy, and smiling answered: "Yes, my dear, you may all go. Your papa and I are going for a drive. It is a lovely day. Tell Louise that I wish her to go with you, for I do not like to trust the little ones without her."

John rushed into the nursery in eager excitement. "Come, hasten! We can all go to the woods. Louise, put away your mending. Mamma says Kitty can go."

The nurse dropped her thimble and scissors, as happy as the children, spite of her forty years of life; and soon all were busy with the preparations. Some of the children ran to the paddock, as a little field back of the house was called where the pony, the donkey, and the cow were kept. The older girls and Louise spread the bread and butter, and packed the luncheon.

But the fun was in the paddock. The pony was easily caught and saddled; and Ellen on his back, with little Kitty in front, was ready to start. Next, Sophy said she would ride the cow. The boys coaxed the unwilling animal; one ran behind, and occasionally gave the cow's tail a twist to make her move, which she was somewhat loath to do. At last, by alternate pulling of the horns of the gentle beast and pushing behind, with John's enlivening twist of her tail, she was brought to the side of the fence; and Sophy managed to scramble on her broad back, where, safely and comfortably seated, she watched the severer struggle which now took place with the donkey. The cow was gentle, and would presently follow the pony; but the donkey, like some men and women and a few children, had, as all donkeys have, his own ideas about affairs, and, to tell the plain truth, was sometimes obstinate and stubborn.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S FAREWELL.

The following paragraphs are taken from the "Christian Register" of Dec. 10, 1891.

"The health of his family requiring a change of climate, Rev. HENRY G. SPAULDING has resigned the secretaryship of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. After journeying during the winter and spring in California and the Northwest, Mr. Spaulding will resume the active work of the ministry."

"As will be seen by the above statement, Rev. Henry G. Spaulding has been compelled for reasons connected with the health of his family to resign the post of secretary of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, which he has so ably filled for the last nine years. The duties of that office have never been performed more faithfully, more energetically, or successfully than under his administration. With the co-operation of the directors, a whole series of text-books excellent in quality have been prepared and put into circulation; while the new "Hymn, Tune, and Service-Book" for Sunday Schools may be said to be a special fruit of Mr. Spaulding's own efforts. The Sunday-School Society has been incorporated, and its finances have never been in so good a condition as to-day. Mr. Spaulding's administration has been earnest, practical, and enterprising. The Sunday-School Union, into which he has infused much earnestness and life, has been an admirable helper to teachers in and about Boston. While we regret the loss to the Sunday-School Society which his resignation occasions, there is satisfaction in welcoming to the active work of the ministry a man whose scholarship, accomplishment, and pulpit ability fit him for the important and needed work which awaits him."

As the Secretary of the Sunday-School Society is by virtue of his office the editor of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, my retirement from the former position and my removal from Boston require that I shall also leave the editorial chair which I have occupied since our Sunday-School paper assumed its present form. EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is now midway in its seventh volume. I believe such a paper has an important mission, in which contributors and readers are alike interested.

To the contributors who have so materially aided me in my efforts to maintain a high standard for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY I wish, in parting from them, to express my hearty gratitude. And in thanking those who have helped to make the paper what it is, I must not overlook the kind and intelligent proof-reader of the University Press and the friendly printer, who have been true fellow-laborers in this good work.

To the large circle of the readers of the paper, most of them unknown to me, I bid an affectionate farewell. You, dear readers, have been the unseen audience whom by good pictures, good stories, by articles conveying useful information, by the enigmas and correspondence of the Letter-Box, and by the suggestive columns of the Teachers' Department, I have tried to entertain, instruct, and inspire. In the future others will discourse to you from this editorial chair, and will spread for you a feast of reading and illustrations in these pages. I trust they will find, as I have done, a real joy in helping the faith and hope and love of childhood, in inspiring youth with noble ideals, and in quickening the minds and hearts of our faithful Sunday-school teachers to a broader vision and a deeper consecration.

Many Happy New Years to one and to all, and may EVERY OTHER SUNDAY grow better and more helpful as the swift years roll round!

HENRY G. SPAULDING.

Teachers' Department.

HELPS TO SUCCESS.

IN No. 6 of this volume of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY we gave some answers to the question addressed to Sunday-school superintendents, "What has contributed most to the success of your school?" We add below other replies to this query, gathered from reports made at the November meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union, and from other sources.

A school in a large city in the Northwest had doubled its membership since it had come under the management of the associate pastor. His thorough preparation for the work, added to an intelligent enthusiasm in carrying it on, had made success an assured thing from the beginning of his superintendency.

Another school in a country town had found the monthly review of class-work exceedingly helpful. One class was engaged in studying Mr. Spaulding's manual on "The Hebrew Prophets." Three Sundays were given to each chapter; and on the fourth, papers written by the pupils, relating to the subject-matter of the chapter, were read before the class. In this school hymns and Scripture passages were often recited *memoriter* by the whole school. At times hymns were sung with the Hymnal closed.

A large school in Boston used the one-topic method exclusively, holding weekly teachers' meetings, at which the pastor adapts the teaching to the different grades in the school. In their class-work the teachers use the notes or briefs which they have written out at the preceding teachers' meeting. This class-work goes on through the entire Sunday-school year without interruption. The school has no parade or display Sundays, nor is work preparatory to the Christmas and Easter festivals ever allowed to interfere with the regular class recitations.

In a good suburban school near Boston three pleasant class-rooms are an important feature. These rooms are used by the classes that have done the best work. The discipline is excellent. Cards and framed pictures are given for faithful attendance. The birthdays of the pupils are remembered. In general, *little attentions* that yet mean very much to the children are thoughtfully provided.

In another large suburban school the personal devotion of the pastor (who is the superintendent) and other officers is regarded as of the greatest value. Nearly a third of the teachers are men. Some of the teachers have taught in the school for twenty and even thirty years; and *all* the teachers give themselves to their task as to a work that requires time, thought, and consecrated service.

A large country school reports great interest taken in the recitation every Sunday by all the pupils of Scripture passages that have been learned at home. The parents enter heartily into this work, and the members of the adult class learn and repeat the Bible verses. The presence and interest of this adult class, which is an unusually large one, greatly stimulates the devotion and activity of the younger members of the school.

METHODS OF STUDY.

(Continued from p. 56.)

THUS in this matter of helping our children to a better and more inspiring knowledge of religion, the best method cannot be too good for us to follow. There must be no lack of system or of thoroughness. Education, like revelation, is progressive. The mind unfolds like the flower from leaf-bud to seed-vessel. The child of ten is unfitted to take up certain studies in religion which belong to a later period in his development, and for which he should now be preparing by studies of a more elementary nature. These are the truisms, the commonplace

axioms, of all sound education. But why should we ignore them in our Sunday-school work? Granting that our teachers can in many instances teach better what has been taught them under the one-topic method at the weekly teachers' meeting than they can teach the lessons for which they must make special preparation each by herself alone,—grant this, I say,—does it follow therefore that the interests of the pupils should be sacrificed for the advantages of the teachers' concerted study? Reason would say, No. Let greater effort be made to improve the individual teacher's preparation. She is often helpless simply because no one has offered to help her. The pastor's wise word of counsel as to the best books to consult and his equally needed word of hope and encouragement would often mean a great deal to the teacher who is tried and perplexed in her work. There are still other substitutes for the stimulus and the benefit of concerted study over the uniform lesson. In most of our schools the majority of the classes are studying the Bible. Let those teachers whose classes are in Old-Testament study meet, say, twice a month for conference and mutual help, with the pastor to guide them, and let the teachers of the New Testament classes do likewise. In this way, while retaining the unspeakable advantages of a graded system, the school may also enjoy some of the benefits of teachers' training-classes. One of the largest and best of our Sunday-schools is this year trying the experiment of following a one-topic method for the pupils of one grade alone,—namely, the intermediate grade. In the study scheme adopted by this school, pupils remain three years in the intermediate grade, studying different subjects each successive year. This year it is proposed to unite all the classes in the grade upon the study assigned for the first year. The classes in the primary and senior grades will pursue their allotted lessons as before, but will enjoy the indirect help which will come to them from the general exercise of each Sunday.

It is evident that in this matter of method of study our Unitarian Sunday-schools are now in the experimenting stage. The best thing to do is for each school to try what it thinks is the best method for itself, and to work that method for all it can accomplish. It may interest our readers to know that of the fifty schools which sent to our Sunday-School Society detailed reports of their last year's labors, thirty follow the graded and twenty the one-topic method.

To try to decide in which direction the tendency is stronger among our schools as a whole would be as difficult as to say in the midst of a New England winter's storm whether the speed is greater of the lower air currents that are drifting the snowflakes into fleecy cloud-banks, or of those upper currents which send the snowy clouds scurrying to the opposite quarter of the heavens.

WITH truth on my side, justice on my side, love on my side, I should not fear to stand in a minority of one against the whole population of this whole globe of lands; I would bow and say to them, "I am the stronger; you may glory now but I shall conquer you at last."—THEODORE PARKER.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

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